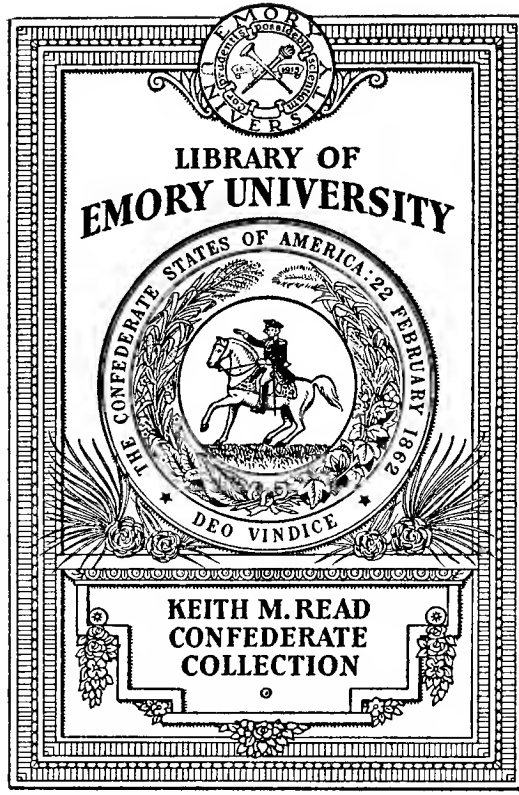
The College Cavaliers.

S. B. PETTENGILL.



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S. S. Burr

THE COLLEGE CAVALIERS.

A SKETCH OF THE SERVICE OF

A COMPANY OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

In the Union Army in 1862.

BY S. B. PETTENGILL,

A Member of the Company.

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We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles killed his foe,
And Turnus fell'd by Trojan's rage,
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
And how Orlando slashed and slew;
There's not a single bard that writes
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian at his desk
Describes the same in classic prose.

The Chronicle of the Drum.

THE COLLEGE CAVALIERS.

CHAPTER I

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE—ENLISTMENT OF STUDENTS—THEIR RECEPTION AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Resplendet gloria Martis.
Armati referam vires? Plus egit inermis.
Claudian de laud. Stil.

A LARGE number of college students left the "campus" for the camp during the war of the Rebellion, and served in various departments of the Union army; but there was only one organization of college students which preserved its integrity and *esprit de corps* as such, during its term of enlistment. While the war record of students has been preserved in various ways—by the publication of memorial volumes, the erection of memorial halls, and adding to triennial catalogues the roll of honor—the service of the student company has not had even from the college which it chiefly honored, the recognition which it deserves. It seems even more

remarkable now, since it has been observed that officers have received a disproportionate amount of social and political honor, and pecuniary reward, that an entire company of students should have entered the army together as private soldiers, when almost every man who had received a liberal education was striving for a commission. In a larger view, however, their enlistment may be regarded as illustrative and typical of the character of the true volunteer soldier, of which Claudian gave a felicitous, though brief suggestion, when singing the praises of his patron, Stilicho:— "The glory of the warrior rises before me resplendent. Shall I relate his strength in arms? He performed yet greater things unarmed."

THE COLLEGE CAVALIERS entered the army in response to the urgent and almost frantic call for troops to defend the City of Washington, at the time when Gen. Banks was driven down the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland, by Stonewall Jackson. After the evacuation of Yorktown, early in May, 1862, the Confederate forces were concentrated around Richmond. In order to prevent reinforcements from reaching McClellan, their authorities thought the surest way was to arouse fears of

an invasion of the North. The alarm which they accordingly sought to create, was sounded from Washington that the Capital was in danger, when on the 25th of May General Banks was driven across the Potomac at Williamsport. Confusion was then at its height in Washington. The tidings of Jackson's apparition at Winchester, and his subsequent appearance at Harper's Ferry, says Swinton "fell like a thunderbolt on the President and his war council," and, when by a bold maneuver, Jackson magnified the number of his forces in the imagination of this council, the public exigency was believed to be greater than it had been at any time since the beginning of the war. The President immediately issued a call for forty thousand men for three months, from the States nearest to Washington, to protect the city, while the armies of McDowell and Fremont were attempting to execute his plan for "catching Jackson in a trap" by shutting him up in the valley of Virginia; and, on the day that Jackson appeared in front of Harper's Ferry, the 28th day of May, a telegram was received at Providence, calling upon the Governor of Rhode Island for mounted cavalry to serve three months. The people of the North, sharing in the apprehensions of the authorities at Washington, were deeply excited. The States of Massachusetts, Rhode

Island, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, to which the call for forty thousand men was addressed, promptly responded, and in other States there were multitudes of young men eager for enlistment.

Among the students in Dartmouth College at this time, there were many who thought that the exigency which would justify their withdrawal from an unfinished course of education for the defence of their country had plainly arisen. After earnest consultation among themselves, they decided to send a dispatch to the Governor of Rhode Island, asking him if he would accept a company of college studdents to serve three months in the squadron of cavalry which he was raising. Governor Sprague at once replied that he would acccpt the company. The requisite steps for the enlistment of a full company of eighty-one men, and their transportation to Rhode Island were then immediately undertaken by Sanford S. Burr, a member of the Junior class, who had been the prime movcr in the enterprise. It was soon discovered that thc company could not be entirely filled with Dartmouth studcnts. But Norwich University, just across the river in Vermont, sent to Hanover twenty cadets to join the company. A few students from other colleges, and several graduates offered to enlist, so that the success of Mr. Burr's undertaking became at once assured.

Dartmouth College was then presided over by the venerable Dr. Nathan Lord, a conservative of the most extreme type among Northern men. He counselled the students against enlistment, as did other members of the faculty. But his opposition did not give those who sought his advice the impression that he was opposed to the prosecution of the war. He presented the same view of the student's duty as was given by John Adams, when he counselled Jonathan Mason, a young student in his law office in Boston, to continue at his books, notwithstanding the commotion of the opening Revolution. No sooner had the news of the Declaration of Independence reached Boston than young Mason, fired with martial enthusiasm, wrote to Mr. Adams, proposing to relinquish his studies and take up arms for the country. Mr. Adams replied, in a letter from Philadelphia, on the 18th day of July, 1776, saying, "I cannot advise you to quit the retired scene of which you have hitherto appeared to be so fond, and engage in the noisy business of war. I doubt not you have honor, spirit and abilities sufficient to make a figure in the field; and, if the future circumstances of your country should make it necessary, I hope you would not hesitate to buckle on your armor. But at present I see no necessity for it. Accomplishments of the civil and political kind are no

less necessary for the happiness of mankind than martial ones. We cannot all be soldiers; and there will probably be in a few years a greater scarcity of lawyers and statesmen than of warriors. The circumstances of this country from 1755 to 1758, during which period I was a student in Mr. Putnam's office, were almost as confused as they are now, and the prospect before me, my young friend, was much more gloomy than yours. I felt an inclination similar to yours for engaging in active martial life, but I was advised, and, upon a consideration of all circumstances, concluded to mind my books. Whether my determination was prudent or not, it is not possible to say, but I never regretted it." President Lord thought it would be a very serious detriment to the college, especially to those students who enlisted, to have any considerable number of them detached from their course of study for even so brief a period as three months. In this opinion the members of the faculty concurred. But beyond these counsels no attempt was made to restrain the patriotic ardor of the students. A large number of those who proposed to enlist were unused to hardship, and one, who asked Dr. Lord's advice with reference especially to the delicate state of his health, was told that if he went to war "he would die." But this student enlisted, and his health

was actually improved by his summer's campaign. And the test of active service in the field, among the whole number, showed what has been frequently observed, that students and city boys are apt to be equal, if not superior, in endurance under such service to the more horny-handed sons of toil.

After a few days a full company was recruited, and on the evening of June 18th, escorted by a large number of students, whose passion for equestrian exercises was sufficiently gratified by the Greek skirmish and the classic "pony," the Cavaliers left Hanover in carriages for White River Junction, to take the night express train for Boston. While it could not be said that these students left with the parting benediction of the college, they were blessed the next morning by the venerable President, whose prayer in the Dartmouth Chapel had special reference to their departure. This prayer was stenographically reported by a member of the class of '63, and published by request of the students, and sent to each member of the company. The following extract from it will be of interest to all of Dr. Lord's students:

"We would, O Lord, especially commend to Thee those of our number who have just now gone out from us upon untried scenes of difficulty and danger, needing, as they so

much do, the direction of Thy Providence and of Thy Spirit, and the many helps which Thou only canst afford them. We ask that they may go in the fear and love of Thee; that they may be kept from all evil accidents, from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday; that they may feel their utter insufficiency without the strength and blessing of their Heavenly Father, and seek Thy favor constantly in fervent and effectual prayer. We ask that Thou wilt deliver them from the temptations by which they will be surrounded, and enable them to profit by all the discipline of Thy hand. We ask that whatever disappointments and reverses await them may ensue to the attainment of a higher wisdom, and a deeper sense of their dependence on the God of Heaven. The Lord preserve them if it please Thee, in the enjoyment of life, and health, and reason, and grant that by repentance of sin, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a sober, righteous and godly life, they may make it evident that they are called and blessed of Thee. Fit them to do and suffer all Thy will, and grant most merciful Father, that if any of them should, in a distant region, be called to sickness or death, the Spirit of the living God may be with them, and prepare them for a better life, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer.

"Now, will God grant that all who here remain may feel more and more the responsibility of their calling, and the importance of a right use of the faculties and privileges Thou hast given them. Under a prevailing sense of Thee, according to Thy Gospel, and by a wise and faithful application of all their powers to the duties before them, may they be qualified for the effectual service of God and their country, and become eminent benefactors of mankind"

The Cavaliers left White River Junction at two o'clock in the morning, and passing directly through Boston arrived at Providence a little after noon. There they were received by Col. A. C. Eddy, of the Governor's Staff, and, after lunching on crackers and cheese, took the oath of enlistment, and went to the Quartermaster's Department to get their uniforms. The scene in that large store-room, where the students were not simply uniformed, but transformed, was ludicrous in the extreme, and, at the same time almost affecting. They had stepped gaily forth from the College Campus without having visited their homes to say "Good-bye." There had been no parting scenes, nothing in their course thus far to distinguish it much from the usual vacation experience. This change from the elegant citizen's dress to the coarse garb of the private trooper was the first transition shock they had received, and it caused more embarrassment and discomfort than anything else in the succession of the camp to the college life. Several of the absurd articles of dress, such as the leather strap for the neck, were thrown away when out on the street. This transformation scene concluded, the students marched to Camp Rodman, pleasantly and conveniently located on Dexter's Training Ground. There they were reinforced by Messrs. Whitney, Davis and Hoyt, of the

Sophomore class of Bowdoin College. The company then elected its officers, choosing Mr. Burr, of course, for Captain, and united with another company enlisted in Providence to form the Seventh Squadron of Rhode Island Cavalry. By a toss of the penny, the Providence company won the designation of Troop A, and the students' company that of Troop B. Mr. Burr however was the ranking captain. The contrast between these companies could not have been much greater. The Providence company was composed of just such men as would naturally be enlisted in a city, where, like a net cast into the sea, the recruiting officer gathers of every sort. There were some gentlemen in the company who would have been more at home among the students, such as Lieutenant Angell, and Sergeants Pomeroy and Carnes, and a few others. But the majority of them were foreigners, and of interest simply as soldiers. The companies were on the best of terms with each other, although from a mutual preference, apparently, they always maintained an unwonted degree of exclusiveness in their relations with each other, both in camp and in the field.

The presence of the students in the city attracted public attention, and many courtesies and honors were bestowed upon them, which made their stay extremely pleasant. Their arrival was announced

by the Providence Journal in the following notice of the Student Company : "During the summer vacations of Dartmouth College and Norwich University, a portion of the students connected with these institutions propose to serve their country in the army. Finding no eligible corps in their respective states, they offered themselves to Governor Sprague to form a company of the squadron now enlisting for three months' service. They were accepted, arrived here last week, and are now in camp at the Dexter Training Ground. About forty are from Dartmouth College, and twenty are from Norwich University. Several of the remainder are friends of the students from other colleges, and the others are of the various professions and callings, most of them acquaintances of the college boys. Among the number are two lawyers and an editor. They are a fine, athletic company, splendid specimens of the hardy and patriotic men nurtured among the mountains of their respective States. We append the roll as follows."*

The company was divided into messes, the inmates of each Sibley tent forming a mess of twelve privates and non-commissioned officers, which were designated as Mess 1, Mess 2, etc. A portion of

* See Appendix.

the equipment was here furnished. Company B was ordered to fall in for every separate article, so that a large part of the time not devoted to drilling, which occupied six hours each day, was spent in falling in for knapsacks, knives and forks, spoons, tin cups, tin plates, carbines and cartridge boxes, sabres, and woolen and rubber blankets. When the first rain fell in camp, Company B was informally ordered by a facetious private "to fall in for umbrellas."

The student was now for a few days the gay cavalier. The change from the college and university to the camp of instruction had been so far easy and agreeable. The bugle call answered to the college bell, and the drill to the daily recitation. Visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, came to the camp evenings at dress parade, bringing with them tokens of welcome and cheer. As the students had left college without visiting their homes, the presents which fair hands brought to their camp supplied the lack of such useful articles as their mothers and sisters would have given them. At these receptions after dress parade, the students sang their college songs and the patriotic airs which were familiar at that time throughout the North. The students attended Divine service on Sunday at Bishop Clark's church, by special invitation, and

occupied seats reserved for them in the center aisle. Polite attentions, also, were shown them by the students in Brown University, who invited members of the mystic fraternities to their halls for social and literary entertainments. But the great social event at Providence, the *piece de resistance*, and the crowning proof of Rhode Island's welcome to the College and University boys, was the supper which was given them, on Thursday Evening, June 24th, at the rooms of Messrs. L. A. Humphrey & Co., under the auspices of ex-Gov. Hoppin and Col. Gardner. A full report of this entertainment was published in the Providence Journal. As it was characteristic of the patriotic feeling then pervading all classes, and especially as it was expressive of the view which was taken of the students' action by the most intelligent citizens of Providence, a reproduction of the Journal's report of it, slightly condensed and otherwise changed, may be pardoned in this narrative.

The company entered the rooms at nine o'clock, under command of Col. A. C. Eddy, where the tables were very tastefully disposed, and bounteously supplied with fruits and accompaniments. Beautiful bouquets were placed at intervals, and a very large one graced the center table, sent by Mrs. Sprague, the mother of His Excellency, the Governor. After the

students had taken their places, Ex-Gov. Hoppin welcomed them, saying: "Capt. Burr, I feel authorized in saying that His Excellency, Gov. Sprague, and the citizens of Providence generally, would be gratified to extend to yourself, and the soldiers of your command, a more public and formal reception. But under the peculiar circumstances of the country, and your own position, just entering, as you are, upon the active duties of this campaign, we take the liberty to presume that it best accords with your feelings to meet with us at this place, and quietly, without show or parade, enjoy a friendly hour of pleasant intercourse. We are here, sir, and gentlemen, to inform you that we know you are in camp in our city, that we know who you are, and whence you come, and the object of your coming. We desire to say that we honor the motives which inspire your actions, and glory in the noble spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which animates your hearts. We give to you a brother's greeting. Brave sons of New Hampshire and Vermont, welcome! May victory perch upon your banners. May success crown all your proper aims through life, and what is far higher and nobler, may you exemplify in your lives every attribute which belongs to the character of the Christian soldier, gentleman and scholar."

Capt. Burr very gracefully returned thanks for him-

self and his command. "They had been attracted to Rhode Island," he said, "by the fame the State had already acquired. The patriotic efforts of her Governor, and the energy and zeal with which he had seconded the Federal Government, made them feel that they should do honor to themselves by following his noble lead. They had come to do soldiers' duty, and expected to gain honor only by a soldier's work, and he trusted that they might do something to add to the lustre of Rhode Island arms."

Gov. Hoppin then invited the company to be seated and partake of the hospitalities of the occasion. There were present Gov. Sprague, Col. Gardner, President Sears, of Brown University, Prof. James B. Angell, John R. Bartlett, Esq., Hon. Samuel Curry, William R. Watson, Esq., Prof. Caswell, and Rev. Dr. Caldwell. After due justice had been done to the feast, Ex-Gov. Hoppin introduced Gov. Sprague, who welcomed the students, in behalf of the State, to the ranks of her citizen soldiery. "This uprising of all classes to sustain the Government," he said, "was a sublime spectacle, the sublimest the world ever saw. To serve the country was the honorable ambition which animated every heart. There was but little virtue in taking high positions, which were well paid and were followed by popular applause. In the ranks, where one was lost in the mass, there was

nothing but the stern sense of patriotism and duty to animate and encourage. Here you, young gentlemen, propose to go, and the position is one of which you may well be proud. Those who come after you will honor your devotion and bless your names." The Governor said the time for which the students had enlisted was short, only three months, yet insignificant as was that period, great events might be crowded into its compass. Empires have been created, and dynasties overthrown, in less time. Short as was the time, there would be opportunity to exhibit all soldierly qualities, aud maintain the character of New England soldiers, citizens and students.

"America" was then sung with fine effect by the choir of the company, and President Sears was next introduced. He said, "Academic youth were the first to feel the inspiring influence of patriotism. The culture they received enabled them to see readily the tendency of public measures, and estimate their just bearings. In the revolution of 1848, in Europe, the students of Vienna and Berlin were most conspicuous, and led off in the struggles against tyranny. In our country the institutions of learning furnished their full quota for the army. Some of the noblest services of the Revolutionary war had been rendered by these young men. The question, 'What is the use of colleges?' is now answered. Mind controls the body.

Where it is cultivated, it guides and directs with accuracy. In this way do our colleges throw into the contest we are engaged in a force all-powerful and constant." Gov. Hoppin next called upon Prof. James B. Angell, as representative of journalism, who made a humorous allusion to some of the especial adaptations of students to the cavalry service, and dwelt on the inspiring example of students in the past, and in this war. Rev. Dr. Caldwell being called on, said he was glad to meet the citizens of New Hampshire and Vermont, who had answered the summons of the Government, and were about to go forth with the citizens of Rhode Island. He was reminded of the beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth, in which he speaks of the two voices, the voice of the sea, and the voice of the mountain. The two are now to unite. The men of the sea and the men of the mountains have now come together, and their union will combine those qualities which give strength and wisdom, the requisites of success.

Other eloquent and patriotic speeches were made by Prof. Caswell, Hon. Samuel Curry, and Mr. W. L. Flagg, of the Junior class in Dartmouth College. Gov. Hoppin then presented the company with the bouquets which were on the tables. "They came," he said, "from the fair hands of our daughters, who were animated by the same devotion which sent forth

their fathers, husbands and brothers to the field of battle. They will follow you with their blessing, and will not forget you when far away."

The entertainment was very pleasant throughout, and exceedingly gratifying to the students, attesting, as it did, the warm friendship for them of the citizens of Providence. Its memories lingered with them while on their weary march and exposed bivouac, and are now recalled with grateful emotions.

The students were drilled at Providence, in the school of dismounted cavalry, by Augustus W. Corliss, of Waltham, Mass., the Adjutant of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. From that position he was promoted to be First Lieutenant of Company A., Seventh Squadron, and at the organization of the squadron, was appointed to its command, with the rank of Major. He was a competent and thorough drill-master. The students, not unnaturally, perhaps, at first thought that he was severe and even arbitrary in the discipline of camp; but they soon recognized his soldierly qualities, and respected him for his bravery and capacity. He, in turn, was quick to discern the temper of the students, and confide in their patriotism and sense of honor. He was always attentive to their health and safety, and thus a mutually good understanding between them arose, which lasted to the end of their service, and ripened at the

last, with many of the students, into a warm friendship. After the squadron was mustered out, Major Corliss was assigned to the command of the First Battalion of the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Cavalry with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This Regiment, becoming reduced by the casualties of war below the minimum number, was consolidated into one battalion of four companies, July 1st, 1863, and he resigned, and was honorably discharged. He afterwards received a commission in the regular army, and is now a captain in the Seventeenth Infantry.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAVALIERS IN CAMP AT WASHINGTON, AND FAIRFAX SEMINARY.

THE SQUADRON was ordered to Washington the 28th day of June. It was a hot Saturday afternoon when the students left their pleasant camp, and marched with heavy packs, such as raw troops carry on their first marches, to the railroad station, and took the train for New York by way of Stonington. Arriving in New York early Sunday morning, the squadron was transferred to the Amboy boat, on which their horses, which had been obtained in New York, were loaded, and proceeded by the old Camden and Amboy line to Philadelphia. The arrival of the train at Camden was signalled to the Managers of the Soldiers' Welcome Association, in Philadelphia, by the discharge of a cannon, and when the squadron was ferried across the Delaware, the rooms of the Association were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, prepared to give the hungry soldiers an exceedingly hospitable reception. A good dinner of roast beef was spread upon the tables, and the young ladies, many of them with Bibles and singing books in their hands, as if

they had just left the church or Sunday School, vied with each other in bestowing their courtesies upon the soldiers who wore a brass letter B upon their caps, which they had in some way learned designated a company of college students. Elegant handkerchiefs and fans were forced upon the acceptance of the students, and lunch baskets were filled for the remainder of the journey to Washington. When these delightful hospitalities were concluded, the squadron took the cars for Baltimore, and passing through that city, was greeted at every street crossing by the cheers of the people who were out in large numbers to see the train pass by that pleasant Sunday evening. The students crowded the platforms of the cars to acknowledge these greetings, and one of their number spoke for all, when he shouted at the top of his voice in response to each fresh demonstration of the throng, "God bless the Quaker City!"

It was midnight when the train reached Baltimore. The heat was oppressive,—and the march through the city to the Washington railroad station very fatiguing. At daylight the next morning the Cavaliers were speeding on their way again to Washington where, after a delay of a few hours on the road, they arrived about noon the 30th day of June. The horses were unloaded and corralled in a stock yard, and the squadron marched to

some barracks near the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station for dinner. Here the students had their first taste, or rather smell, of "salt horse," for they did not condescend to eat the square chunks of extremely salt and hard boiled beef which the soldiers in charge of the barracks brought into the mess room. This beef could not have been harder or salter if it had been kept, as soldiers in the early part of the war fancied that some of the meat with which their appetites were regaled had been in Fortress Monroe since the Mexican war.

In the afternoon the squadron pitched its tents at Camp Sprague in Gates' wood, a splendid grove of oaks a little more than a mile north of the Capitol. Here the horses, which were as unused to riding as the majority of the students, were drawn; and Company B again fell in for saddles, bridles, halters, spurs, saddle blankets, curry combs, feed bags and revolvers.

The following camp regulations were adopted by "General Order No. 2, Washington, July 1:"

Bugle Call,	4.45 a. m.	Drill,	2 p. m.
Reveille,	5. a. m.	Recall,	3 p. m.
Stable Call,	5.15 a. m.	Drill,	4 p. m.
Breakfast,	7 a. m.	Recall,	5 p. m.
Watering,	8 a. m.	Stable Call,	5 30 p. m.
Guard Call,	8.45 a. m.	Watering,	5 30 p. m.

Guard Mount'g,	9 a. m.	Supper,	6 p. m.
Sick Call,	9.15 a. m.	Music,	6.30 p. m.
Drill,	9.30 a. m.	Adj's Call,	6.40 p. m.
Recall,	11.30 a. m.	Retreat,	7 p. m.
Dinner,	12 a. m.	Tattoo,	9 p. m.
Watering	1.30 p. m.	Taps,	9.30 p. m.

The camp guard consisted of one sergeant, one corporal and ten privates; the stable guard of one corporal and four privates, and the police of a sergeant or corporal and two privates.

The third day of July, the squadron was mustered into the United States service by Captain J. Elwood, U. S. A., the muster rolls dating June 24th, and an unexpected bounty of fifteen dollars was given to each enlisted man. After seeing the squadron well located in camp, Colonel Eddy, who had accompanied it from Providence and done everything in his power to make the journey as comfortable as possible, took his leave with the friendly farewell greeting of the students.

The days spent in Washington were devoted chiefly to drilling in the school of mounted cavalry. The horses were exercised by long marches into the country, which sometimes occupied the entire day. The trials of some of the boys who had never been in the saddle before were very severe.

The horses too were untrained, and riding was little less than torture. When forming into line the horses had a perverse habit of crowding together and bruising their riders' knees on the wooden saddles. But the students soon became reconciled to all their duties except the care of horses. They did not understand that they were to be stable boys when they enlisted, and to feed, water and groom horses did not accord with their ideas of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." They were willing to fight rebels, and they could contemplate the prospect of wounds or death with a degree of composure, but the care of horses they looked upon as an ignoble service to which they never became fully reconciled. The discipline of the camp was strict, though doubtless not unnecessarily severe. The students were understood to have been sincere in the purpose of their enlistment and ready to perform every reasonable duty, and yet at the same time not meaning to be deprived of having as much pleasure as possible while so engaged. The impulse of narrow-minded and pompous men, and there were many such in the army,—to make themselves aggressive in the exercise of official authority was almost irresistible. The officers of Company B had it in their power to make things very uncomfortable for themselves and their

men, if they had been inclined to parade their authority, without accomplishing half as well the object for which they all had enlisted. But Captain Burr and Lieutenants Kellogg and Stevens were gentlemen of sense and discretion, who understood the peculiar relation they sustained to their subordinates and acquiesced in it. A generous spirit of comradeship in the best sense prevailed from the first between officers and privates, and discipline, which might have been exercised so as to impede, was subordinated to the most effectual rendering of service to the Government.

Washington, which is now one of the pleasantest cities in the country, was then dirty and disagreeable. Cattle, hogs, goats and dogs of the lowest degree roamed the streets and thronged about the camp. Some of the best portions of the city had a deserted look, as so many houses owned by Southern people were closed. But few of the streets were graded. Army wagons were often stalled in the principal avenues.

Although encamped within the limits of the city which they had left college to defend, and which some of them were visiting for the first time, the students had but little disposition to indulge in sight-seeing in that sultry July weather. They spent their off days, rather in the in-

dulgence in that "sweet mood in which pleasure loves to pay tribute to ease." None of them were given to dissipation, and yet a few visited that famous saloon near the War Department where one could see while sitting for half an hour over his glass, any day during the war almost every General in the city come in and drink. Congress was in session. The Senate was presided over by Senator Foot of Vermont and the House by Speaker Grow of Pensylvania. The great questions of the war and slavery were under consideration, but the students were not inclined to spend much time sweltering in those halls. They often discussed these questions, however, among themselves in camp, while lounging *sub tegmine querci.* The quarters of Mess 3, were the favorite rallying point for both officers and men, the center for song and story in camp. This mess, it may not be invidious to say, had a marked individuality of membership. It gave the faithful orderly more trouble in filling a detail than any other mess in the company. It could never be induced to police its tent properly, and yet it had less sickness than other tents which were always reported in order on inspection days. It was arrested and put in the guard house one night for continuing a discussion after taps, but the next morning the Major cap-

tured its good will by ignoring the disobedience of orders, and sending it back to quarters. At this camp four students from Union College, Messrs. Phelps, Potts, Randolph and Roberts, joined the company.

Although the daily drill and frequent marches into the country furnished sufficient exercise for the students, they soon become weary of their confinement in Washington, and looked forward to the probability of remaining there during the summer to perform guard duty with extreme reluctance. In the early part of the war an officer, recruiting for a regiment of heavy artillery, sought to influence enlistments by announcing that "as this regiment is to be constantly garrisoned in the forts around Washington those anxious to enter the military service will find in it the inestimable advantage of exemption from the hardships and privations incidental to camp life." It was not for such an "inestimable advantage" that the students had joined the army. Their term of enlistment was short, but they were anxious to give proof of their patriotism at the sabre's point, and "earn a little glory" before that term expired. The company accordingly expressed the desire, through its Captain, that it might as soon as possible be assigned to duty in the field.

It was a welcome order, therefore, the 18th day of

July, which announced that the squadron was to be transferred from Gen. Wadsworth's command in Washington to that of Gen. Sturgis on the other side of the Potomac. Early the next morning the squadron, reduced to light marching order, having sent all the unnecessary impedimenta, including the fans presented by young ladies in Philadelphia, back to Providence, marched through the city and over the Long Bridge to Alexandria. There a halt was made for dinner, which many improved by visiting the "Marshall House," where the gallant Col. Ellsworth was assassinated for pulling down the secession flag, the market where human beings had been bought and sold, and other places of interest in the city, which was then reduced only to a swearing allegiance to the Government by the presence of Federal troops. After dinner, the squadron marched two or three miles towards Fairfax Seminary, where it encamped on a beautiful hill covered with small acacia trees and shrubs. This camp, named for Col. Eddy, was the pleasantest camp the squadron ever occupied. It commanded an extensive view of the hills and valleys on the South and East, where Gen. Shields' brigade was encamped, and of the Potomac beyond, with here and there a white sail upon its broad bosom. The entire region, however, which was commanded by batteries placed upon all the heights, illustrated not so

much the beauty of nature, as the grim waste and cruelty of war. While armies engaged in actual conflict seek the protection of forests, fences and other obstacles to the bullet's penetrating flight, the armies of occupation demand an open field, and therefore one of the first things an army in camp, or in fortifications, does, is to cut down all the trees standing in its vicinity. Arlington Heights, and all the hills in that range, were denuded of the forests which had formed a fine background to the landscape as one looked across the Potomac from Washington. Fairfax Seminary had been appropriated to some military use by the Government. Near the camp stood a large mansion, whose proprietor had died of a broken heart, according to the story of the faithful servant left to guard the premises, in consequence of the desolation of his estate.

The duties of Camp Eddy did not differ materially from those of Camp Sprague. The students were on the "sacred soil," and every day expecting to be ordered to the front. They had acquired some degree of facility in the saddle, and were eager to cross sabres with the enemy. The grave questions of the war were often discussed from tent to tent. The daily newspapers were carefully read. The progress of the Peninsular campaign was followed with intense interest, and the vague hope was

sometimes expressed by the students, that they might "be in at the death" of rebellion. It might very naturally be supposed that the terrible desolations of the war, which were thus brought home to them, would pervade their intercourse, and cast a shadow around their camp; but intelligent and reflecting as they were, they were "gay and happy still." "So it is in the world," says Thackeray, "Jack or Donald marches away to glory, with his knapsack on his shoulders, stepping out briskly to the tune of 'The girl I left behind me.' It is she who remains and suffers, and has the leisure to think, and brood and remember."

CHAPTER III.

SERVICE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—RETREAT FROM WINCHESTER TO HARPER'S FERRY.

THE RACE of Union and Confederate armies up and down the Shenandoah Valley had been the immediate occasion of calling this squadron into the service. The President, in his desperation, wrote to McClellan in May, "We are sending such regiments and dribs from here and Baltimore as we can spare, to Harper's Ferry, supplying their places in some sort, calling in the militia from the adjacent States." It was gratifying to the students, therefore, as it seemed to answer so exactly the purpose of their enlistment, to be ordered to service in this Valley.

The squadron broke camp Sunday afternoon, July 27th, and marched to Washington, where late in the evening it started by rail for Winchester. The cars had been used for the transportation of stock, and were very filthy. There was no time or means for cleaning them, but the students appropriated several bales of hay, and spread it over the floor of the cars, to keep themselves out of the dirt and secure a comfortable place to sleep. The train arrived at Sandy

Hook, one mile below Harper's Ferry, Monday noon. The Winchester and Potomac Railroad was laid with strap rails, and very limited in its capacity for transportation. It had not rolling stock or locomotive power enough to take the squadron, with its horses and equipments, to Winchester on one train. The students' company was therefore left over night at Harper's Ferry, to take the second train up the valley, and thus had an opportunity to see a place of much historic and military interest, though of vastly over-estimated importance as a strategic point by the authorities on both sides, in the early part of the war. The Goverment had an arsenal and gun-shops there before the war, which made it the object of John Brown's famous attack in October, 1859. This property was abandoned and partially destroyed by Lieutenant Jones, commander of the post, on the night of the 8th of April, 1861, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Virginia conspirators. The next morning three thousand Virginia troops entered the town, to find their coveted prize nothing but charred ruins. The town was held by the Confederate forces until the skirmishing preliminary to the battle of Bull Run, when they evacuated it because, as the Richmond press said, they regarded it as "a mere trap, too dangerous to hold," but not until after they had destroyed all the immovable property, the armory

and shops which had escaped destruction when abandoned by Lieutenant Jones, and the railroad bridge across the Potomac. From that time onward to the close of the war, it underwent many vicissitudes of fortune. But, notwithstanding its desolating experiences, the small guard house of the armory, in which John Brown and his heroic little company were captured by the United States Marines, escaped destruction. It still stands to this day, bearing the name, "John Brown's Fort." The town, with all its surrounding scenery, had a grim and defiant look, like the face of that great enthusiast, who had but recently knocked at these gates of the South, with the words of Jehovah on his lips, "Let my people go." Through these gates the student soldiers passed on their way to a distant outpost of the army, more seriously impressed than ever before with the character of the work in which they were engaged.

The valley of the Shenandoah is more properly speaking a large plateau. The river hugs the Blue Ridge all the way from its source to the Potomac, while on its left there rises a slightly elevated, but magnificent plain, on which the towns of Winchester, Charlestown and Martinsburg are situated. It is watered by the Opequan, Cedar Creek, and numerous other smaller streams. The first year of the war it furnished a vast amount of supplies to the rebel

army, and Jackson, in his exciting campaign just before the Cavaliers enlisted, had taken out of it valuable stores for his army, besides many prisoners.

Winchester, about forty miles southwest of Harper's Ferry, had already suffered much because of the war. A portion of the city had been burned, and other parts of it abandoned, the white male inhabitants having business elsewhere. But it still was a spiteful secession town. The women left behind by their husbands and brothers were among the most remorseless rebels in the South. Stonewall Jackson, who had no patience with their intemperate and rancorous words, is said to have bluntly admonished them at one time, when leaving again the checkered fortunes of that town to our advancing troops, "not to forget themselves." But their "blood was so madly hot that no discourse of reason, nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, could qualify the same." High strains of divination seized them in the presence of Union soldiers, which "worked no touches of remorse." Gen. Banks, in his official report to the Secretary of War in June, said, "My retreating column suffered serious loss in the streets of Winchester. Males and females vied with each other in increasing the number of their victims by firing from the houses, throwing hand-grenades, hot water, and missiles of every description." When the Cavaliers

arrived there, July 29th, the town had a deserted appearance. If the observant eyes of the white ladies had not been seen peering through the window shutters, it might have been supposed that the city was occupied only by the colored people who were seen on the streets.

Camp Sigel, one mile Northwest of the city, on the Mason farm, was occupied by a brigade of infantry, composed of the 32nd Ohio, Colonel Ford, the 60th Ohio, Colonel Trimble, the 39th New York (Garibaldi Guard) Colonel d'Utassy, the 9th Vermont, Colonel Stannard, and a small battery of mountain howitzers, under command of Brigadier-General Julius White, of Indiana. This was a detached brigade of the First Corps of the Army of Virginia, Gen. Sigel's Corps, under the direct command of Maj.-Gen. John Pope, who had been placed at the head of the Army of Virginia June 26th, and charged with the three-fold duty of covering the National Capital, guarding the Valley entrance to Maryland, and threatening Richmond from the North, as a diversion in favor of Gen. McClellan on the Peninsula. In order to prevent Pope from sending reinforcements to McClellan, the Confederates kept up a show of force in the Shenandoah Valley, which persisted in waging a partisan warfare with our troops. To Gen. White's brigade was assigned the task of

watching the passes of the Blue Ridge and the highways of the Valley, and fighting the guerrillas by which they were infested. It was a service in which cavalry could be made especially useful, and it is not strange, therefore, that he should have said to Maj. Corliss, on the arrival of the squadron, that he had work enough for a regiment of cavalry.

The first night at Winchester the squadron was aroused by firing on the picket line, and ordered to mount without lights or loud talking. It was very dark, so dark that it was almost impossible for the men to find their horses and saddle them. In the midst of this confusion and alarm, one of the students revealed the one "touch of nature" which made the whole army kin, by repeating in low and solemn tones, "There is something in the word home." The squadron was kept under arms, while an officer with a few men, made a reconnaissance, and reported on his return that nothing more formidable than bushwhackers were assaulting the camp, and then turned in to dream again of home. This was the beginning of active service in the field, which was continued until the last of September, when orders were received to return to Providence. How arduous and incessant this service was may be seen at a glance by the following notes from Sergt. Alvord's diary:

July 30th. The horses, still tired out from the journey in the cars, were saddled, and the squadron, over a hundred strong, went to Front Royal; gone all day.

31st. The squadron turned out at 4 A. M., the pickets having been fired upon, and remained in the saddle until 9 o'clock.

August 1st. Sixty men were detailed every day for picket duty. Remainder of the squadron to-day scouting Romney Pike. Horses saddled, and all the men in camp slept on their arms through the night.

2nd. In afternoon reconnoitering on North Frederick Pike.

3rd. A small force under Lieut. Stevens sent to guard a wagon train bringing in hay on the Martinsburg Pike.

5th. A scouting party under Capt. Burr obtained the trunk of a rebel lieutenant; rode twenty miles.

6th. All the men not on picket duty off with the Major; gone until 10 o'clock, P. M., took two prisoners, five horses and thirty-two cattle.

8th. The squadron off at 3 A. M., on a reconnaissance to Ashby's Gap; marched fifty miles, in the saddle twenty-four hours. From the vicinity of Milwood brought in some valuable horses, and a large herd of cattle.

11th. A scouting party under Capt. Vaughn marched twenty miles.

15th. The squadron relieved from picket duty; acknowledged by Gen. White to have been overworked.

16th. Moved camp to allow trees to be cut down to give range for guns of new Star Fort. The squadron on a reconnaissance all night.

17th. Sunday. Inspection of the squadron and camp by Gen. White.

18th. Maj. Corliss, with about fifty men, left at 9 P. M. on a scouting expedition.

19th. Privates Blodgett and Manson, while out beyond the picket line, were captured by a small party of Confederate cavalry. News of their capture arrived late at camp, when Lieut Angell, with all the men in camp, started in pursuit, and followed as far as Kearnstown without success. In the afternoon the Major and men returned from yesterday's reconnaissance.

21st. Picket duty resumed.

23rd. The mail train from Harper's Ferry sacked and burned by Rebel cavalry about eight miles from camp. Forty of the squadron, under command of Capt. Russell, of the First Maryland Cavalry, rode all night, and until the afternoon of the 24th, but unable to overtake the rebel raiders. At night twenty men, just returned from scouting; off all night patrolling Romney Pike.

25th. All able-bodied men and horses ordered to reconnoiter, under Maj. Corliss, up the Shenandoah Valley. Charged Rebel cavalry through Front Royal. Returned to camp early next morning.

26th. Again over same ground, under command of Capt. Graflan, of Maryland Cavalry.

27th. Thirty men reinforce picket guard on Front Royal road. The next three days and nights the squadron on picket and patrol on the pikes south and east of Winchester.

September 1st. Men out all day on a foraging expedition.

2nd. The squadron, under Maj. Corliss, left camp at 3 P. M., on a reconnaissance. Marched over thirty miles through Middletown and Newtown; took four prisoners. Returning to Camp Sigel at 11 P. M., found the camps de-

serted, and all tents, stores, etc., belonging to the squadron burned up, and orders to form the rear guard of the brigade retreating to Harper's Ferry.

3rd. On the march all the previous night. Reached Harper's Ferry at 9 P. M., having been in the saddle thirty hours, and marched continuously sixty-five miles. The squadron camped on Bolivar Heights, minus tents, blankets and almost everything else."

As it has already been said, Gen. White's Brigade had no cavalry when the Seventh Squadron arrived at Winchester, while it was charged with the performance of duties for which cavalry was especially adapted. For three weeks this squadron was the only cavalry connected with the brigade, and every available man and horse was constantly engaged on the picket line, patrolling the roads, foraging the country for camp supplies, making reconnaissances, and pursuing rebel raiders. The 20th day of August two companies of the First Maryland Cavalry, under command of Capt. Russell, joined the brigade, but there was so much work for cavalry to do that this new accession did not relieve the severity of the squadron's service. The regular picket stations were seven in number, at a distance of from one to three miles from camp. From six to ten cavalry, with a much larger number of infantry, were stationed at each of these pickets,

usually under a commissioned officer, though sometimes a sergeant had command. These pickets were relieved every morning after guard mounting. One-half of the squadron fit for duty was detailed each morning for picket service. This was the regular order for three weeks. Every alternate day the Cavaliers were on picket, watching bushwhackers and raiding bands of Gilmore's and Ashby's cavalry, and other days engaged in more extended activities further a-field. The strength of the men, and more especially that of the horses, was taxed to the utmost limit of endurance. The horses broke down sooner and faster than the men. This, however, was partly due to improper feeding and injudicious use. On the arrival at Winchester there was no feed for the horses except corn. This was given to them, and the next day a long and rapid march was made, resulting in the immediate death of a few horses, and the sickness of a large number.

The first excursion made from Winchester had a touch of romance in it. Belle Boyd, a notorious Rebel spy, a native of Martinsburg, was then living with her aunt and grandmother at Front Royal. She had been arrested a few weeks before in Winchester, with contraband letters on her person, and paroled to return to Front Royal. The report having reached Washington that she had broken her

parole, as she had undoubtedly done on every favorable opportunity, Secretary Stanton sent a detective to Martinsburg, with power to call upon Col. Voss, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, for assistance, to re-arrest and send her to the Capital. Col. Voss sent a detachment of his cavalry, under command of Maj. Sherman, to Front Royal to execute this order. The route between Front Royal and Winchester was at that time, under ordinary circumstances, very dangerous. A correspondent of the Associated Press, writing from Gen. Pope's Army, August 1st, said "this route had to be abandoned for trains and travel, except under strong escort, so troublesome had the guerrillas become." As strong resistance to the arrest of Belle Boyd was anticipated, Maj. Corliss was sent with his cavalry to aid Maj. Sherman. But the arrest was effected without difficulty, and she was escorted to Gen. White's headquarters, and there kept under guard one night, and the next day taken to Martinsburg, and thence by rail to Washington. During the night she spent at Winchester there was great confusion and long continued uproar outside the lines. The pickets were assaulted several times on different sides of the camp for the purpose, as it was understood from conversation afterwards with the people living in the vicinity, of drawing from the

camp a sufficiently large number of troops to make it possible for the Confederates to raid the camp and capture *La Belle Rebelle.*

Gen. Pope issued a General Order, July 18th, directing his troops to subsist upon the country as far as possible. His order was liberally construed by the College Cavaliers, who obtained a large portion of their living among the farmers in the vicinity of Winchester. The people in the country appeared soon to have learned that the cavalry company B was composed of college students, and in many instances extended to them genuine hospitalities. It was a land "flowing with milk and honey," and, of course, ham. On these luxuries the students were often refreshed. They began by offering to pay for meals thus obtained, but the people so persistently refused to accept pay that that formality was afterwards dispensed with. No instance ever came to the writer's knowledge of abuse of this characteristic Southern hospitality on the part of any member of Company B. There were several families of Union people within a few miles of camp, in which the students formed pleasant acquaintances. One family living on the Berryville Pike, and another a little to the east of the Martinsburg Pike, are remembered still by many of the company, who there narrowly

escaped wounds of the heart. This narrative, however, is not the place for personal reminiscences of that sort. A hint of them is given simply to show that the students approached the cavaliers of romance at least in illustrating that ever grateful truth that

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> And the loving are the daring."

There was a spy, euphemistically called a confidential scout, with the brigade most of the time at Winchester, who often acted as guide to the cavalry, and in whom the students became much interested. His name was Noakes. He was a native of that region, and of course acquainted with the country. He was tall and athletic, brave and cruel, a Spartan in his indifference to physical comfort, and in many respects a typical Southerner. The spirit of mastership within him was highly developed. Kind and agreeable to friends, he was intolerant of opposition and remorseless in the assertion of power over those who were in his power. He was a man of great prowess, and a valuable adjunct to the brigade.

This scout went with the squadron on one of its dangerous rides in the Valley. He had found where the enemy had collected a large drove of

fat cattle, near Ashby's gap, and reported his discovery to General White, who sent Major Corliss with his cavalry and an infantry support to capture them. After a long and devious ride, in which a few prisoners were taken by the squadron, the cattle were found late in the evening in a secluded field southeast of Millwood. While attempting to get them out upon the road without noise, a little dog broke the suspense by furiously barking at the horses and their riders, as well as the cattle, for it would not be respectful to the dog's judgment to suppose that it intended all of its noise for the horses, or their riders, or the cattle, alone. At last the Major's patience was exhausted, and he ordered Sergeant Graves to shoot the dog. But the dog was so small and lively that it was as difficult to kill as it was for the Irishman to count the little pig that flew around so in the pen. It took nine pistol shots to give it the final *coup de grace.* It was expected that this firing would attract the enemy, but fortunately it did not. The cattle were driven through Millwood to the entrance of a large tract of timber, where the battalion of infantry was ordered to await the approach of the returning squadron. But there was no infantry to be found. It was not deemed safe to proceed by White Post, the most dangerous point in that region, without

support, and a sergeant was therefore sent with eight men to find the infantry and guide them to the place where they had been ordered to report. He carefully scouted the roads around White Post, and then proceeded towards camp, where he finally found the infantry near the picket station. They were then marched as quickly as possible to join the cavalry. At dawn the next morning the camp was safely reached. This expedition has been described somewhat in detail to illustrate the character of the service performed at Winchester. The frequent reconnaissances to Front Royal and beyond to the entrance into the Luray Valley and Manasses Gap, towards Romney and Strasburg, and the long chase under Captain Russell after the Rebel cavalry who rifled a railway train near Winchester, the charge through Berryville, when "Wilder Luke" surprised the Reverend Maryland Captain by his familiarity with the Sacred Scriptures, and, "Ike's" famous charge through Front Royal, would make this simple narrative more Homeric in its style than it was intended to be, if they were each and all fitly and fully narrated.

There was no medical director with the squadron until about the 20th of August, when Assistant Surgeon King arrived in camp. The students, how-

ever, had suffered very little from sickness while at Winchester. The constant excitement of the picket and scouting diverted their minds, so that nostalgia, a disease from which some members of infantry regiments, confined at fatigue duty in camp, were said to have died, was impossible among them. There was but one death in their company, and that oecurred at Winchester. Private A. W Coombs, of Thetford, Vermont, a Norwich cadet, died of typhoid fever about the middle of August. He was sick only a few days, and his death, occurring as it did, in the midst of so much activity, made scarcely an impression, except upon members of his own mess. He was buried in a metallic coffin, not far from camp, so that his body could be carried home when a favorable opportunity occurred.

Two privates, Blodgett and Manson, were taken prisoners the 19th of August, and carried to Libby Prison, where their superfluous flesh was reduced according to the approved style of treating prisoners, among the men who began the war for the purpose of securing the extension and perpetuity of human slavery. They were released from prison about the time their term of enlistment expired, and returned to Providence to be mustered out with their company.

While the cavalry was engaged in watching the approaches to Winchester, and scouting the country, Gen. White had employed the infantry in building a large star fort and otherwise strengthening his position, and preparing as well as he could to stand a siege. His plan of fortification was completed, and a full supply of ammunition, quartermaster and commissary stores, together with water enough to last a few days, secured in the fort, while he was receiving orders from Gen. Pope. After the seat of war in Virginia had reverted from the peninsula to the old field of operations in the vicinity of Washington, and Gen. Pope's army had been forced so far back from its position beyond the Rappahannock, as to leave Winchester in the rear of the rebel army, Gen. Halleck sent an officer of his staff, Gen. G. W Cullum, to Winchester to examine the works there. He stayed with Gen. White over night, in consultation as to the practicability of holding the post against a large force of the enemy. Gen. White explained the position fully, showing that he had the camp supplied with a sufficient amount of different kinds of stores, and water to last the garrison a few days. But it was evident that it would not be possible to hold the fort against a large force, nor to endure a prolonged siege, and evident also that the garrison could serve

no useful purpose by remaining there at all under the circumstances then existing. After Gen. Cullum returned to Washington, Gen. Halleck telegraphed to Gen. White to send at once all quartermaster's and commissary stores, and the armament of the fort, to Harper's Ferry, and to render unserviceable some old siege guns, if they could not be removed. Gen. White immediately loaded all the transportation he could obtain for Harper's Ferry, and made arrangements for the destruction of the Government property that could not be removed, and for the retreat of the brigade to Harper's Ferry.

While these operations preliminary to evacuation were going on in camp, the cavalry and a portion of the infantry were pushed out on the three principal roads by which Winchester is approached from the south, to strengthen the pickets, and see if there were any movements of the enemy in that direction. Nearly all of our cavalry was away from camp most of the time for two or three days, and thus engaged. If any portion of the squadron returned to camp it was almost immediately sent out again, so that the movements looking towards an evacuation of the post had escaped the notice of the students. They were expecting an attack, but did not anticipate a retreat. On the afternoon of September 2nd, Maj. Corliss gathered up all the available force in camp,

and leaving only Capt. Burr, with a few sick men, behind, reconnoitered the country beyond Newtown and Middletown, took several prisoners, and returned to camp at 11 P. M. to find that the retreat to Harper's Ferry had already begun. In the meantime Capt. Burr had received after dark the following order:

Hd. Qrs. Detached Brigade, Winchester, Va., Sept. 2, 1862.

Commanding Officer R. I. Cavalry:

You will immediately pack up your train, everything you have, and march with your whole force to the picket on the Martinsburg Road and there await further orders.

By order of Brig.-Genl J. White.

HENRY CURTIS, JR,
Capt. & A. A. G.

Your train will be in the rear of the other trains.

H. C. JR.

Capt. Burr reported to the General that he was unable to comply with this order, because he had no men or horses at hand to remove the equipment. He then received a verbal order to burn the equipment of the camp, and march with all the men he had, in accordance with the previous order. These verbal instructions had been obeyed before Maj. Corliss returned, otherwise the tents and other supplies of the camp might have been saved. Capt. Burr's disposition to do everything possible for the comfort of his

command was so well known and so constantly confided in, that no one thought of holding him responsible for the loss of the equipment of the camp, together with personal effects of some value, a loss which resulted in increasing the hardships of the remainder of the squadron's service. The members of the squadron, fortunately, as their custom was, had their overcoats and rubber blankets strapped on their saddles, and these, with a few articles in their pockets, were saved. Every thing else, all those numerous articles which they had fallen in so assiduously for at Providence and Washington, were destroyed. It was in such a plight as this that the squadron took its place in the rear of the retreating column, and pursued its weary march towards Harper's Ferry.

This retreat was led by Col. Trimble, of the 60th Ohio. It was simply a fatiguing march without incident. It was especially fatiguing for the College Caveliers, some of whom had been on the picket line, or engaged scouting, for five successive nights when they arrived at Harper's Ferry, and in the saddle continuously for thirty hours. They encamped temporarily on Bolivar Heights, that is to say, they secured their horses, and laid themselves down on the ground, which was all that word signified to them during the remainder of their service. The infantry regiments brought away from Winchester all their

equipments, and had their camps arranged and kettles on the fire cooking dinner, when the cavalry brought up the rear at Bolivar. It is pleasant here to recall a graceful act of hospitality on the part of some officers of the Ninth Vermont, who saw the destitute situation of the college boys and invited them to dine. The squadron remained one day at Harper's Ferry, while the horses were shod, and then crossed the Potomac and encamped in the woods on Maryland Heights, having been assigned to that position as a part of the third brigade of Col. Miles's forces, under command of Col. Ford.

CHAPTER IV

ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS—ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY—ABANDONMENT OF THE HEIGHTS.

AFTER Gen. Pope's defeat, he was relieved from command, and the Army of Virginia disappeared as a separate organization. Gen. McClellan was at once appointed to the "command of the fortifications at Washington, and all the troops for defence of the Capital." These fortifications were strengthened, and troops were so disposed that they covered all the approaches to the city, and could be readily thrown upon threatened points. But Gen. Lee was too good a soldier to hurl his forces against fortifications. And, besides, a new scheme of Northern invasion had entered his mind. He thought it was a favorable time to test the sentiment of the people of Maryland, who were supposed by the authorities at Richmond to be strongly in favor of the South, and only kept from secession by the armed forces of the Government, by entering the state with his army, and thus giving them an opportunity freely to decide whether they would join the Southern Confederacy or not. His

army was immediately moved from the vicinity of Washington, and on the 5th of September, the day the College Cavaliers encamped on Maryland Heights, Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill, with their respective commands, crossed the Potomac near the Point of Rocks, and advanced rapidly towards Frederick.

This movement of Lee's army compelled the enlargement of the sphere of McClellan's operations, and made an active campaign necessary "to preserve the National Capital and Baltimore, to protect Pennsylvania from invasion, and drive the enemy out of Maryland." Before leaving Washington Gen. McClellan advised that the garrison at Harper's Ferry, under the command of Col. Dixon S. Miles, should be withdrawn by way of Hagerstown, to aid in covering the Cumberland Valley, or that it should fall back to the Maryland Heights, take up the pontoon bridge, obstruct the railroad bridge, and there hold out to the last. But these suggestions were not adopted. An entirely erroneous impression of the value of Harper's Ferry, as a strategic point, was entertained at Washington. In itself it is simply a river crossing in a mountain gap, a blind alley, absolutely indefensible without possession of the Maryland and the Loudon Heights, which stand as sentries on opposite sides of the river. Its importance as a cross-

ing,—the gate of Maryland, as Gen. Halleck persisted in calling it,—ceased the moment Lee entered Maryland by another gate, and thenceforth its garrison protected nothing. With military discernment, Gen. Lee supposed that its garrison would be withdrawn. But on reaching Frederick, he learned, September 9th, that it was to be held, and there resolved to capture its tempting prize before McClellan could come to his relief, and, in order to compass this result, suspended his northward movement for a few days. A general order was accordingly issued, directing Gen. Jackson to cross the upper Potomac, capture the garrison at Martinsburg, and cut off Col. Miles's retreat towards the west. Longstreet, who followed Jackson, was ordered to stop near Boonsboro, Md., and there wait till the capture of Harper's Ferry should enable him to resume the forward movement towards Pennsylvania. McLaws, with his command, and the division of R. H. Anderson, was to march rapidly by the road leading to Harper's Ferry around Maryland Heights, so as to arrise in time to seize those Heights. Walker's division, crossing the Potomac lower down, was to occupy Loudon Heights, thus completely investing Harper's Ferry. Finally, Hill's division was to close the march of the army by falling back upon Boonsboro through Turner's Gap. Gen. Lee thus divided his army into two parts, the

first, composed of six divisions, invested Harper's Ferry, while the second, composed of four divisions, marched in the opposite direction towards Boonsboro and Hagerstown. A prompt success at Harper's Ferry would bring these two parts of his army together again in the valley of the Antietam before McClellan could reach him through the defiles of the South Mountain.

In the meantime, Gen. McClellan lingered with his army in the vicinity of Washington. Lee's army was put in motion for the capture of Harper's Ferry on the 10th of September. The same day Gen. McClellan sent from his camp near Rockville the following note to Gen. Halleck: "Col. Miles is at or near Harper's Ferry as I understand, with nine thousand troops. He can do nothing where he is, but would be of great service if ordered to join me. I suggest that he be ordered to join me by the most practicable route."

To this Gen. Halleck replied: "There is no way for Col. Miles to join you at present. His only chance is to defend his works until you can open communication with him."

Harper's Ferry was then, as it had been during the summer, in the department of Gen. Wool, whose headquarters were at Baltimore. Col. Miles, an old officer of the regular army, had been as-

signed to the command at Harper's Ferry, and it seems to have been the special desire of Gen. Wool that he should continue in command there. For, when Gen. Julius White, a grade in rank above Col. Miles in the volunteer service, fell back from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, he was immediately ordered to Martinsburg, a less important command, by Gen. Wool. The troops which Gen. White brought with him from Winchester were, however, left at the disposal of Col. Miles.

A battery, under command of Capt. McGrath, of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, had been previously placed on Maryland Heights, a little more than half the distance up the mountain, but high enough to overlook the batteries on Camp Hill and the country beyond. A glance at the location of Harper's Ferry will show the commanding position of Maryland Heights in its environment of hills. Harper's Ferry is a small town, irregularly built on the eastern slope of a hill, rising in triangular shape from the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac to Camp Hill. Beyond Camp Hill is a ravine from which rises the plateau on which the town of Bolivar is situated, and known as Bolivar Heights. At some primeval period a passage was cut through the Blue Ridge for the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers. On the Vir-

ginia side the mountain thus cut in twain is called Loudon Heights, which rise a thousand feet above the river. Rising about four or five feet higher on the north side of the river, the mountain is known as Maryland Heights, which, in other words, are the southern terminus for South Mountain, as the Loudon Heights are the northern terminus of the Blue Ridge. Col. Miles doubtless appreciated to some extent the necessity of holding Maryland Heights to a proper defence of Harper's Ferry, for immediately on the arrival of Gen. White's forces from Winchester, he posted a brigade, under Col. Thomas H. Ford, of Ohio, on a plateau west of the battery before referred to, for its support. This brigade comprised the Thirty-second Ohio Infantry, a battalion of the First Maryland Infantry, the Seventh Squadron Rhode Island Cavalry, two companies of Maryland cavalry, and Capt. McGrath's artillery.

The Seventh Squadron had lost all its camp equipments in the retreat from Winchester, and had obtained at Harper's Ferry, before going upon the heights, only a very few cooking utensils, nothing, in fact, but some camp kettles and tin cups. The men camped in the edge of the woods, near the road by which John Brown entered Harper's Ferry, with only their overcoats and

rubber blankets for protection. Their rations consisted of coffee and six hard-tack per day. There were daily details for picket, and several important reconnaissances were made by the squadron. The College Cavaliers were fully sensible of the fact that they were "cut off" from Washington, and the North. They were almost entirely ignorant of the movements of the armies of McClellan and Lee, and might as well have known nothing, as to have known so many things that were not true. When not on duty they were accustomed to send on foot an informal delegation of two or three of their number to the lookout on the summit of Maryland Heights, which was constantly occupied by infantry pickets, "to see what they could see." Here was a stockade, and observatory built by the rebels before our first occupation, when they were looking to the north and east for the approach of enemies, as the Cavaliers then were looking. The observatory was a pyramid, twenty-five feet high, built of logs, as the children build cob-houses. From this lookout there was an unobstructed and very extended view in all directions; a view which Jefferson, for whom an overhanging cliff at the point of the mountain is named, has been quoted as saying "is worth a journey across the Atlantic

to see." The Potomac stretches away to the east, past the villages of Weaverton, Knoxville, and the lonely stone piers of the destroyed bridge at Berlin, where it is lost to view in the midst of wooded hills, to re-appear again near the Point of Rocks, ten miles away. In this distant view the writer watched for several hours, on Sunday, the 7th, the signs of the rear of the Rebel army entering Maryland, strongly fascinated by the distant portentous haze. As the shadows began to lengthen towards the east it was a mental relief and a moral elevation, to contract the view, and let the eye rest upon Pleasant Valley, lying immediately below, a perfect picture of pastoral beauty, within warlike surroundings,—such a scene as Whittier is fond of describing, where Nature

> "* * * walks in golden hours
> Through harvest-happy farms;
> And still she wears her fruits and flowers,
> Like jewels on her arms.
>
> "Still in the cannon's pause we hear
> Her sweet thanksgiving psalm,
> Too near to God for doubt or fear,
> She shares the eternal calm."

The next day two Cavaliers, a sergeant and a corporal, stole away from camp and made a

personal reconnaissance in this Pleasant Valley, through Petersville and Jefferson, to a hill overlooking Frederick, where Lee's army was encamped. Although wearing the uniform of Union cavalry, the people in the direction of Frederick took them for rebel scouts in disguise, and at one of the towns where they stopped to converse with the citizens, they were gracefully presented with a basket of fruit, and other refreshments. Many of the farmers were secreting their stock in the timber on the hills, in anticipation of Lee's approach, a sign that they were not as desirous of the presence and support of his troops as he had anticipated before crossing the Potomac. During the day these volunteer spies obtained much interesting knowledge of the situation of Lee's army. Among other things, they were convinced that if an attack was made upon their position on the heights, it would come in the rear through Solomon's gap, which was then guarded by only about a dozen cavalry, and double that number of infantry. It was nearly midnight when they returned to their camp, having with some difficulty passed the guards without the countersign. They reported their observations to Major Corliss that night, and the next morning to Captain

Patterson, the acting Adjutant General of the brigade.

The crisis in the students' campaign was now rapidly approaching. Early Wednesday morning, the 10th, the rebel army began to move according to the order issued by Gen. Lee. The same evening, from the observatory on the Heights, the forces under McLaws and Anderson were plainly seen advancing towards Harper's Ferry. The next day the first attack was made upon the Heights, and made as the students had anticipated at Solomon's Gap, which was guarded then by a detail from the Rhode Island Cavalry and the Thirty-second Ohio Infantry. This attack, by shelling the picket from below, was evidently made to feel its strength, and ascertain whether it was protected by a battery. That night all the squadron not on picket slept on their arms at the camp, and early next morning, the 12th, were sent under Maj. Corliss to watch a ford across the Potomac, at the mouth of Antietam Creek, about eight miles above Harper's Ferry. While marching to his post, Maj. Corliss learned that an attacking force of the enemy had driven our pickets out of Solomon's Gap that morning, and then appeared to be coming down the western slope of the mountain towards the Potomac. Arriving at Antietam Ford there was found on the

opposite bank of the Potomac a strong battalion of the Eighth New York Cavalry, which had been sent on the same duty by Col. Miles from Harper's Ferry. As Maj. Corliss was in danger of capture by the enemy coming upon his rear through Solomon's Gap, and as his mission had been anticipated by the New York Cavalry, he sent Sergt. Pettengill of his staff immediately back to report the situation to Col. Ford, and receive further orders. Col. Ford was found in a small farm house, occupied as headquarters, lying in bed. He detained the sergeant, who had a pleasant personal acquaintance with his adjutant general, for some time, asking many questions about the situation on the Heights. During the conversation the sergeant took the liberty to express the opinion that a sufficient force ought to be sent at once to retake Solomon's Gap, and that a battery should be planted there strong enough to hold it. This interview terminated with an order that Maj. Corliss should return at once to camp by the canal tow-path around the mountain if it was hazardous to return by the mountain road. When the messenger went back to Maj. Corliss the enemy were in plain view in the edge of the woods on the hillside below Solomon's Gap, and their position being made known to the Major, he decided that "the longest way round would

be the shortest way home," and took the tow-path route by way of Harper's Ferry to the Heights.

That night the squadron remained under arms near its camp until early the next morning, when the real conflict for the possession of the Heights began. The enemy having gained possession of Solomon's Gap almost without resistance, and only a very feeble, if any real attempt, having been made to dispossess them of it the day before, had during the night moved a considerable force along the crest of the mountain to the stockade in front of the observatory where at daylight the fighting began. The rebels appeared in superior numbers and quickly forced our men behind the stockade. There they were held in check a short time, but soon outnumbering our pickets they gained possession of the summit, and forced the Union soldiers down the slope towards the open clearing occupied by Capt. McGrath's battery. Reinforcements now began to arrive from Harper's Ferry, and the College boys were ordered, dismounted, to escort two New York regiments of infantry, as they arrived from Harper's Ferry, through the woods to the summit of the Heights. This duty was bravely done. The enemy might then have been driven from the Heights, had not a panic seized the 120th New York regiment as soon as it came under fire. Both officers and men behaved very badly. The College

boys stood between this regiment and the enemy and brought into exercise every art of public speaking they had acquired at school and elsewhere in unavailing efforts to arrest the stampede. Some of them pushed forward, attempting to do by example what they had failed to do by words, after the route had begun. The rebels had by this time slowly worked their way over the crest of the mountain, and those of our troops, which did not run away, were concentrated nearer the battery. Capt. McGrath and Capt. Graham then commenced shelling the woods. The rebels made no further attack upon our troops, having accomplished their object, which was to get possession of the summit and plant batteries there.

At the same time great confusion prevailed among all the troops. The College boys who were constantly on the alert could not escape the impression that there was no efficient control exercised over the troops on that day or on the previous days of their encampment on the Heights. The failure, in the first place, adequately to protect Solomon's Gap, which they recognized as the key to the position was regarded by the students, who had been all around the mountain while Col. Ford was lying in a semi-disabled condition in his bed, as an evidence of incapacity, fatal to their confidence in him as a commander.

In the midst of this confusion, the cavalry who could not be used after our lines were thus contracted around the batteries, were ordered to retire to Bolivar Heights. Their retirement can be satisfactorily explained. There was but little open ground where our forces were concentrated, no chance to use mounted men, and the horses were in the way of the infantry, while on the other hand, there was an opportunity for the exercise of cavalry in the Bolivar plateau, and a demand there for their service. But when they retired they had no idea that they were to be followed so soon by the infantry and artillery. For they met a Maryland regiment of infantry going up from Harper's Ferry as they were coming down. The fighting, however, had ceased before they retired, and it was not resumed again, although the batteries continued for a short time to throw shells into the woods on the crest and western slope of the mountain. The cavalry had not been on Bolivar Heights long, however, before they witnessed, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the unnecessary abandonment of Maryland Heights by Col. Ford's entire command. The Dahlgren guns of Capt. McGrath's battery were spiked and thrown down the declivity. The rifled gun and the Napoleon howitzers were also rendered useless. Col. Ford's command recrossed the pontoon bridge

to Harper's Ferry, and were assigned to different positions among the beleaguered troops.

As the abandonment of Maryland Heights was followed by the surrender of Harper's Ferry, Col. Ford with other officers connected with the surrender were tried by a military commission, of which Maj. Gen. Hunter was president, and dismissed the service. The commission, however, distributed the blame for the abandonment of the position about equally between Col. Miles and Col. Ford. It was "satisfied that Col. Ford was given discretionary power to abandon the Heights as his better judgment might dictate," and it "believed that the result did not to any great extent surprise, or in any manner, displease" Col. Miles. But with this discretionary power thus vested in him, the commission found that Col. Ford did not manage his force well, that the point most pressed was not sufficiently defended, and, in short, that Col. Ford "conducted the defense without ability," and "abandoned his position without cause."

The only military excuse that could be offered for Col. Miles's conduct was that he endeavored to obey his orders literally, which were, that he should hold Harper's Ferry, and Maryland Heights were not Harper's Ferry. This was substantially what he said to Gen. White, who, on the approach of Jackson towards Martinsburgh, had been commanded by

Gen. Wool to fall back upon Harper's Ferry. Gen. White reached that place on Friday, and called upon Col. Miles. Col. Miles thinking, perhaps, that Gen. White had come to wrest from him the command of the place, being a grade higher in the volunteer service, at once produced an order from Gen. Wool commanding him to hold Harper's Ferry at all hazards, and a telegram from Gen. Halleck, saying, "I shall look to you to hold Harper's Ferry, and give you the credit for it." Under the circumstances, Gen. White thought that it would be the height of presumption and arrogance for him to assert the legal right he might have had to take the command of Harper's Ferry away from Col. Miles, and he so informed Col. Miles, at the same time offering to assist to the extent of his ability in defending the position. He advised Col. Miles to move his entire force across the river, and make his defence upon Maryland Heights. But Col. Miles replied that he was specifically commanded to hold Harper's Ferry, and it would be abandoning it to move his forces across the Potomac; that his orders left him with no discretionary powers, and that his experience of forty years in the army had taught him that such orders must be literally obeyed. Gen. White was assigned to the command of the

troops on Bolivar Heights, who were stretched across the plateau from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, making a thin line more than a mile long. He afterwards advised Col. Miles to concentrate these troops around the works on Camp Hill, burn off the houses on Bolivar plateau, and make the fight on Camp Hill behind the ravine which separated it from Bolivar. But this Col. Miles declined to do, saying that he had looked the ground all over and decided to make the fight where the line was formed. It was regretted at the time by many of the troops, and particularly by the College Cavaliers that Gen. White did not assume command on his arrival from Martinsburg, for they esteemed him as an officer, and all they knew about Col. Miles was that he had disgraced himself at the first battle of Bull Run. But Gen. White's course received the approbation of the military commission before referred to, who reported that "he appeared from the evidence to have acted with decided capacity and courage."

After the abandonment of the Heights there was comparative quiet the remainder of the evening and during the night. There was no enemy in sight except Jackson's forces in front of Bolivar. But the silence which reigned was not ominous of good, although the hope was indulged by some that the movements of McClellan's army might have resulted

in drawing away the enemy on the Maryland side. Instead of that, the enemy were engaged in placing batteries on the summits of Maryland and Loudon Heights. Before noon on Sunday they were seen signalling on Loudon Heights, apparently to Jackson's forces. A few shells were thrown from our batteries on Camp Hill, which drove the signal flag back into the woods. At about noon the enemy opened fire from a battery near the point from which they had been signalling. Their first shells fell among the horses of the Seventh Squadron, which had moved during the morning back to Camp Hill, and killed two or three horses without injuring any of the men. Their firing rapidly increased, and our batteries replied with spirit. Soon there came the report of a gun on the summit of Maryland Heights, and a shell burst high in the air over the river. This encouraged the Cavaliers, who were so situated as to be exposed to an enfilading fire from both the Heights, to hope that this new salute came from a "pop-gun battery." The hope was soon dissipated, for succeeding shells came nearer and nearer, until they reached Camp Hill. But these two batteries did not long absorb all the attention of anxious spectators. A loud report came from the bank of the Potomac just below the pontoon bridge, where the enemy, coming around Maryland Heights, through Sandy Hook, had sta-

tioned more artillery. Presently another fire was opened upon our troops in front. All our batteries were engaged. Shot and shell flew in every direction, but, as is usually the case in such artillery duels, less injury was done to life and property than would be expected. During this artillery firing Jackson's infantry began to move upon our line on Bolivar Heights. Some brisk skirmishing occurred, which resulted in a slight contraction of our lines. As the day drew to a close the general attack which was looked for in that direction was anxiously awaited. But the rebels were sure of their prize in the morning, and it was their policy to delay the capture until that time. That night Gen. Jackson sent a message to Gen. Walker that "his troops were in possession of the first line of Federal intrenchments, and that, with God's blessing, he would have Harper's Ferry and its garrison early the next morning."

It had become no less apparent to our troops that their doom was sealed, unless McClellan's army should be able to relieve them. The court of inquiry, in pronouncing judgment upon the surrender of Harper's Ferry, remarked *inter alia*, "Had the garrison been slower to surrender, or the Army of the Potomac swifter to march, the enemy would have been forced to raise the siege, or would have been taken in detail, with the Po-

tomac dividing his force." The fatal error of Gen. McClellan was a characteristic one, a lack of promptness and expedition. When he had the rare good fortune to find a copy of Gen. Lee's order of march at Frederick, on the 13th, he should have ordered Gen. Franklin to march immediately, instead of "early the next morning," to the relief of Harper's Ferry. If this had been done, Franklin might have kept McLaws from getting possession of Maryland Heights, and formed a junction with the garrison at Harper's Ferry on Sunday, for on the night of that day, the 14th, his advance was in Pleasant Valley, within six miles of Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER V

ESCAPE FROM HARPER'S FERRY—REPORT OF COLONEL VOSS—CAPTURE OF LONGSTREET'S AMMUNITION TRAIN—ARRIVAL AT GREENCASTLE, PA.

AFTER it became evident that Harper's Ferry must fall into the hands of the enemy, a conference of cavalry officers was called, to consider the question of escaping with their commands during the night. Various plans were discussed. One officer advised that an attempt should be made to break through Jackson's forces in front, under cover of darkness, and having passed his lines, seek shelter among the mountains south of Martinsburg. But this was rejected as impracticable. It was finally decided to attempt an escape by crossing the Potomac, and taking the mountain road to Sharpsburg. This road crossed the western slope of Maryland Heights, and was then known as "the John Brown road." Col. Miles was strongly opposed to the project, pronouncing it extremely hazardous, if not impossible, and saying that "he would not be justified in giving his consent to a movement which would almost inevitably result in serious loss to the Govern-

ment." The almost inevitable certainty that these troops would be captured, with the rest of the garrison, if they remained at Harper's Ferry, was urged by the cavalry officers as a reason for attempting to escape, and at length Col. Miles was induced to give his consent to the proposed plan. Gen. White was present at this conference, and it was largely through his influence that Col. Miles was prevailed upon to issue the following order:—

Headquarters, Harper's Ferry, Sept. 14. 1862.

Special Order, No. 120.—The cavalry force at this post, except detached orderlies, will make immediate preparations to leave here at 8 o'clock to-night, without baggage-wagons, ambulances, or led horses, crossing the Potomac over the pontoon bridge, and taking the Sharpsburg road. The senior officer, Col. Voss, will assume command of the whole, which will form the right at the Quartermaster's office, the left up Shenandoah Street, without noise or loud command, in the following order: Cole's Cavalry, 12th Illinois Cavalry, 8th N. Y Cavalry, 7th Squadron R. I. Cavalry, and 1st Maryland Cavalry. No other instructions can be given to the commander than to force his way through the enemy's lines and join our own army.

By order of Col. Miles.

H. C. Reynolds,
Lieut. and A. A. G.

The proposed plan of escape was made known to his squadron by Major Corliss about four o'clock

in the evening. In characteristic language he assured them that by the "next morning they would either be in Pennsylvania, or in hell, or on their way to Richmond." He gave directions for a thorough grooming of the horses and inspection of saddle girths, and for such other slight preparations as it was practicable to make for the perilous ride. At the appointed time the squadron took its place in the line of march, "in column of twos" on the lower street, beside the Shenandoah River. The roar of the river, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the clinking of sabres and carbines, a scattering fire from rebel rifles on the cliffs overhanging the bridge on the Maryland side, the possibilities enshrouded by the darkness into which they were riding, all combined to impress powerfully the imagination of the College Cavaliers. A little incident just then occurred to relieve their highly wrought sensibilities, for which they were grateful in more senses than one. As they moved forward towards the bridge, men on each side of the column were seen handing up something which looked in the distance like a little piece of paper, and the students began to wonder if those "Christian Commissioners" were giving them tracts. As they drew near to these tract distributors, expecting to receive some suggestive document, they reached

down their hands and grasped a paper of fine cut tobacco, which the sutlers, knowing that the rebels would get their stores next morning, were giving away to "the heroes of the evening." The revulsion of feeling which followed was complete and lasting. Those little tin-foil packages of tobacco were cherished during the perils of the night as a kind of "hoc signo" for the march.

Col. Arno Voss, our commander, has kindly furnished a report of the experiences of that night for this narrative, which is so complete and graphic that no attempt will be made to supplement it, further than to say that the College Cavaliers "kept up with the procession" and did their full share of the fighting and the running for fifty miles, as

> "'Tis written since fighting began
> That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
> And sometimes we fight and we run."

UNOFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. VOSS.

In the early part of September, 1862, I was stationed with my regiment, the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, at Martinsburg, Va., for the protection of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Martinsburg is about twelve miles from Williamsport, where the Potomac is fordable. When the news reached our camp

that Stonewall Jackson was crossing the Potomac at that point, the post commander, Brig.-Gen. White, retreated with his small force to Harper's Ferry, hotly pursued on the way thither by the advancing enemy. Jackson's forces then invested the Ferry in a semi-circle from the Potomac to the Shenandoah. The reduction of this strong place was desired by the rebels partly for the purpose of capturing its large garrison, about 13,000 men, among which number were about 2,000 cavalry, splendidly mounted, armed and equipped, and an immense amount of military stores; partly also to secure a safe place in the line of the retreat of Lee's army. In spite, however, of this close investment, Col. Miles, commanding at Harper's Ferry, succeeded in sending word by one of his scouts to General McClellan informing him of his dire distress, and requesting him to come to his speedy relief. This was promised by the latter, and Col. Miles encouraged to hold out. But, when by an inexplicable mistake in the communication of an order from Col. Miles to the commander on Maryland Heights, these Heights were abandoned, the guns spiked and tumbled down the precipice, and when thereupon the rebel forces swarmed in on the Heights, and turned their guns upon Harper's Ferry, and threw shot and shell into the doomed place incessantly, striking even our hospital, harboring a large number of sick and wounded; and when also the rebels had dragged guns of a long range up the steep acclivity of the high mountain rising from the banks of the Shenandoah River, placing them in battery on the crest of the mountain commanding the plateau within our fortifications, on which several regiments—including my own—were encamped, and sent forth from there their screeching shells right into our midst,—then it became apparent to all that the place could not hold out much longer,

and must eventually be surrendered to prevent further waste of life and property. In this predicament, the commanding officers of the several cavalry organizations present within the fortress, held a meeting to discuss the feasibility of escape by cutting their way through the enemy's lines. Present at this meeting were Col. Davis, commanding Eighth New York Cavalry, Maj. Corliss, commanding Rhode Island Squadron, Lieut. Green, commanding detachments from First Maryland Cavalry, myself, and my second in command, Lieut. Col. Hasbrouck Davis. It was unanimously agreed that the plan was feasible, and a committee appointed to obtain the consent of Col. Miles, the Commander of the Fort. At first he would not listen to such a proposition at all, denouncing it as wild and impracticable, perilling the lives of the whole command; but finally yielded and assented to the expedition. I then received from him the following order, which I give here from memory:

Headquarters, Harper's Ferry, Sept. 14, 1862.

General Orders No.——

"The Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, Col. Voss, the Rhode Island Cavalry, Maj. Corliss, the First Maryland Cavalry, and the Eighth New York Cavalry, Col. Davis, will form into column, in the above order, on Main Street, this evening at 8 o'clock, without noise or loud command. Col. Voss, the senior officer, will take command, and march without baggage, wagons or led horses, out of the eastern gate, cross the Potomac on the pontoon, take the road to Sharpsburg, and cut his way through the enemy's lines. Arrived at Sharpsburg, they will seek to join Gen. McClellan and report to him for duty.

By order of Col. Miles.

CAPT. REYNOLDS,
A. A. Adjutant Gen.

The greatest secrecy was enjoined on me by Col. Miles regarding this order. It was to be kept even from the knowledge of my subordinate officers. During the day, Sunday, the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry was kept in full view of the enemy near the western gate of the fort, making thence frequent sallies out on the Charleston road to reconnoiter the position of Stonewall Jackson's beleaguering forces. When night had spread her dark mantle upon the earth, I marched my regiment noiselessly down the plateau to its position in the column on Main street, sent for the other cavalry organizations, which were kept in readiness by order of Col. Miles, near the Arsenal buildings, formed the column as ordered, and then reported myself to Col. Miles as ready to start. I was here provided with two reliable guides, natives of these parts,—and after receiving some verbal instructions from him, Col. Miles and Gen. White accompanied me to the head of the column, bid me an affectionate farewell,—I vaulted into the saddle, the command to march was passed sotto voce from the head to the rear of the column, together with the injunction, "Keep well closed up, and follow your leaders," and the column rode silently out of the fort. Upon the advice of Col. Miles I had called Lieut. Green, with his company, to the advance, because he was born and raised in that region and knew the country well. As the column was stepping upon the pontoon, I felt some apprehension lest the clatter of the horses' hoofs should excite some suspicion of the rebels, whose guns upon Maryland Heights commanded the bridge, but I suppose the roar of the river, running here swiftly among large sunken rocks, deadened the noise. So the column passed safely across, and turning sharply to the left, entered upon a narrow road leading across the mountain range to Sharpsburg. Here an

incident occurred which came very nigh frustrating the success of the expedition. The night was very dark. Company D, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, had, while yet on the pontoon, lost feeling with the preceding ranks of the column, and, on reaching the shore, turned to the right instead of to the left, and in a few minutes came upon a rebel picket in the road. A challenge, and the ominous click of many guns, satisfied the commanding officer of his mistake, and he swiftly turned about face and entered the column again in safety. The column encountered a few rebel pickets in this mountain road, who challenged, but were quickly rode down, or pushed out of the way; their random shots in the darkness did but little damage. In a short time we reached Sharpsburg, and here descended into the open country, where Gen. Longstreet's Army Corps was encamped. I halted the column to determine what direction to take, and had just dispatched my adjutant, with one of my guides, to a house near by, where the guide hoped to obtain some information concerning the disposition of the rebel troops from the occupant, whom he knew, when suddenly a sheet of flame illumined the darkness for an instant, followed by the report of at least a hundred rifles sending their leaden messengers about our ears. This came from a strong outpost placed at the entrance of the Hagerstown road into the city of Sharpsburg, not more than one hundred and fifty paces ahead of us, furnishing the most conclusive proof that the rebels were in strong force in that direction. Before allowing the alarm to spread, the head of the column was turned in another direction, towards Falling Waters, on the Potomac, to find, if possible, a weaker point to pierce their lines. On the road thither only a few pickets were encountered. Here I ascertained from a friendly chat which my guides had with some

mill-hands at work in a large flouring mill, the exact strength and location of the rebels thereabouts, and determined to make the break there. By this time a bright starlight had succeeded the impenetrable gloom of the early night, enabling us to discern surrounding objects more distinctly. We were also guided in choosing our path by the faint glimmer of their bivouac fires. The column was gathered close in hand, the order to charge given, and my brave fellows, fully comprehending the importance of the movement, dashed gallantly through the bivouac of the astonished grey-coats, riding and cutting down all opposition. But few of the enemy recovered from their surprise in time to send a shot or a volley into this strange apparition, which seemed dropped from the clouds, and so we escaped comparatively harmless. We came out near St. James' College, and after drawing reins a while to blow our horses, the column entered the woods skirting the turnpike between Williamsport and Hagerstown, taking up our line of march towards the border of Pennsylvania.

The dawn of early morn was just approaching when we were on the point of crossing the turnpike, about two and one-half miles from Williamsport. Suddenly the low, rumbling sound of heavy carriage wheels were heard on the pike. The column was halted. The leader of the advance reported a large wagon train in sight, coming from Hagerstown, escorted by cavalry and infantry. Two of our foremost squadrons were then ordered forward, and under command of Col. Davis, of the Eighth New York, attacked and routed the escort, capturing the wagon train. It proved to be one of Gen. Longstreet's ammunition and commissary trains, consisting of eighty five army wagons, each drawn by six fine mules, and loaded with ammunitions of war and provisions, and was followed by about

thirty or forty head of fat young steers. We regretted that we could not permit this train to reach its destination, so we made it keep us company, and placed it in the van of our column, detailing for each of the rebel teamsters a sturdy trooper, with pistol drawn, to keep him on the right road. As quick as possible the column crossed the pike, trying to gain the turnpike leading to Greencastle, in Pennsylvania, distant about six miles from the State line. The last mentioned exploit, however, had drawn upon us the lively pursuit of the rebel cavalry, hastily gathered together, and being accompanied by two light field-pieces, they sorely harrassed our rear for a while, until we had crossed the State line, when the pursuit ceased. Thence we continued our march quietly and leisurely to Greencastle, arriving there about ten o'clock in the morning of the 15th day of September, in a greatly exhausted condition, but with our body intact. We were received by the inhabitants with loud demonstrations of joy and congratulation. When our column first entered Pennsylvania the farmers residing along the road took us for the advance of the rebel invaders, and made off with their horses and cattle to the adjoining woods, but soon discovering their mistake, men, women and children flocked to our sides, bringing all kinds of dainty eatables and drinkables for our refreshment.

We had left Harper's Ferry none too soon, for on the very day of our arrival at Greencastle the Fort had to surrender. By our successful expedition we preserved to the military service of the Union nearly two thousand men and horses, our loss amounting to about one hundred and seventy-eight men reported to me as missing, some of whom afterwards returned to their respective commands. As soon as practicable, I detailed Lieut. Jonathan Slade, of my regiment, and a strong es-

cort, to take the captured wagon train to Chambersburg, and deliver the same to the U. S. Depot Quartermaster at that place. He returned with the Quartermaster's receipts therefor.

Soon after our arrival at Greencastle, train after train came into the city, on the Harrisburg and Hagerstown Railroad, crowded with armed militia-men of Pennsylvania, hastening to the defence of the border of their State. Their commanding General earnestly insisted that I should place myself and my command at his disposal, which of course I had to decline to do, even against his threats of having me court-martialed for disobedience of orders,—by reason of my orders from Col. Miles to report to Gen. McClellan. In the meantime I had dispatched an officer of my command to find the whereabouts of Gen. McClellan's army, reported to the General our arrival at Greencastle, and ask for orders. This officer found Gen. McClellan a few miles in a south-easterly direction from Hagerstown, making his dispositions for the battle of Antietam, and returned with his order, that I should immediately march the command I had taken out from Harper's Ferry to Jones' Cross-Roads, on the turnpike between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and there remain until further orders. The command was moved there without delay, all except the Eighth New York, which had left Greencastle without orders.

It affords me great pleasure to record here a noble example of patriotism. The time of enlistment of my brave Rhode Islanders had expired, and they could not rightfully be held any longer to the performance of military service. Yet they cheerfully followed my colors to Jones' Cross Roads, and remained on duty until after the impending sanguinary conflict at Antietam was fought and won. Our position at the Cross Roads formed the extreme right flank of McClellan's army at

Antietam, where the battle had commenced, and was in full blast upon our arrival. I was instructed to guard against a flanking movement directed on the part of Lee against the right wing of our army.

A few days after this battle I regretfully parted company with the Rhode Island Squadron at Jones' Cross Roads, where they received orders to return home when there was no longer any imperative reason for their stay in the service, which they had voluntarily prolonged. By their intrepidity, courage and excellent discipline they had contributed much to the successful termination of our Harper's Ferry expedition, and I shall always cherish for them all a most grateful remembrance.

ARNO VOSS,
Chicago, Ill.

This was one of the first successful cavalry raids of much magnitude made by our troops during the war. It received a favorable notice from the commission appointed to investigate the conduct of certain officers connected with the surrender of Harper's Ferry, which said: "The commission regard this escape of the cavalry as worthy of great commendation to the officers conducting the same."

Gen. Pleasanton has alluded to it with commendation also, and the loyal Governors who met about that time at Altoona made it the theme of congratulatory remark. Gen. Longstreet, whose forces lay in the line of our march, has briefly expressed his judgment respecting it in the following letter:

"GAINESVILLE, GA., April 6, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—The service you refer to was very creditable, and gave us much inconvenience. The command being in retreat, and in more or less apprehension for its own safety, seems to have exercised more than usual discretion and courage. I am, very truly yours,

JAMES LONGSTREET.

To S. B. PETTENGILL, ESQ., Grafton, Vermont."

CHAPTER VI.

BRIEF SERVICE AT ANTIETAM—MUSTURED OUT—RETURN TO COLLEGE—RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL WHITE.

AT GREENCASTLE the squadron made the headquarters of its camp at the farm of Mr. Shook, near the village, but as it was entirely destitute of camp or cooking utensils, and dependent upon the hospitalities of the people for food, both for men and horses, it "boarded around" in the neighborhood, so as not to impose too great a burden upon any particular household. The story of their raid through the enemy's lines was the "open sesame" to the well supplied houses and barns of the Pennsylvania farmers. While at Greencastle the College Cavaliers agreed, though their term of enlistment had expired, to remain in the service until the enemy should be driven out of Maryland; and, as Col. Voss says in his report, Capt. Burr took his company to Jones' Cross Roads, to take part in the closing conflict of Antietam had they been called to that duty. They were held in reserve during that unfinished battle, which can hardly be claimed as a great victory, although it resulted in the removal of Lee beyond the borders of Maryland. The Cav-

aliers remained with McClellan's army until this result was reached, and would have remained at Jones' Cross Roads a little longer, perhaps, if it had been possible for Capt. Burr to obtain subsistence there for his company. But having no cooking utensils, and there being no chance to forage in that region, when the limited supply of hard-tack was exhausted, strong reasons existed for a return to Greencastle. The scattering members of the squadron, who were too much worn out in the Harper's Ferry campaign to join in the march to Jones' Cross Roads, were gathered up, and on the 23rd of September the squadron marched to Chambersburg, where horses and equipments were turned over to the proper officers, and transportation was obtained by rail to Harrisburg, and thence to New York, where the squadron arrived at midnight, Sept. 24th. Its arrival in the city was announced by the Tribune as follows:

"Maj. A. W Corliss, with the Seventh Squadron R. I. Cavalry, arrived here on Wednesday evening. He is one of the heroes who cut their way through from Harper's Ferry to Greencastle, Pa., passing the rebel lines at Williamsport.

It will be remembered that the brigade of cavalry, of which the Squadron formed a part, took Longstreet's ammunition train, so that the rebels were compelled to the necessity of using horse shoes and nails, and old bits of iron for the lack of ammunition.

The officers with whom we conversed did not have much confidence in the loyalty of Col. Miles, but they expressed regret at the arrest of Gen. White, under whom they had served at Winchester."

On the 26th of September the squadron reached Providence, and was quartered in Silvey barracks Two days afterwards Capt. Burr arrived from Harper's Ferry, whither he had gone from Chambersburg, bringing with him the officers' baggage, which had been secreted there.

Scattering members of the squadron, Blodgett and Manson from Libby Prison, a few who had been left behind in the hospital at Harper's Ferry, and one who had been left in Washington when the squadron moved to Winchester, soon arrived in Providence, so the ranks of Company B were full at the last, with the exception of Coombs, who died at Winchester. The college students were in haste to be mustered out, in order to return as soon as possible to their studies. The fall term had begun, and though the people of Providence were disposed to make their stay in the city pleasant, the students were in no mood for lingering there to enjoy rest or hospitalities. They were pleased, however, to accept from Col. A. C. Eddy an invitation to a complimentary dinner, which he gave to the squadron, at Humphrey's rooms, where they had

previously been entertained by ex-Gov. Hoppin and others. The first day of October they were mustered out of service and paid by Capt. William Silvey, U. S. A. The Adjt. Gen. of Rhode Island, in his report covering the operations of the squadron, says that "though the campaign had been short, the services performed were creditable to the squadron, to its commander, Major Corliss, and to the State."

The Dartmouth students were very much surprised, on returning to college, to be informed that they would be required to pass the regular examination which had been held at the close of the college year during their absence. Without waiting to ask for favor from the faculty, Capt. Burr immediately went back to Providence, saw President Sears, of Brown University, and at once obtained the promise that if the Cavaliers were expelled from Dartmouth for refusing to submit to examination, they would be received at Brown University. During his absence the faculty learned where he had gone, and anticipating the result of his mission, informed the students that the examination would be waived.

It has been far from the intention of the writer of this sketch to magnify the service of the College Cavaliers. Some of them have doubtless "performed yet greater things unarmed." The military is not

the highest grade of public service, although historians and bards

> "* * * exalt with all their wit
> The noble art of murdering,"

and the greatest and most permanent reputations among men have been acquired in war. In itself, war is simply a cruel handling of human beings by their masters in brutal struggles with each other. It is only when ennobled by a good and just cause, and undertaken as a last resort, that war is not a disgrace to civilized society. The results of the war in which these students engaged are all that makes a remembrance of their service a satisfaction; and this satisfaction is rendered doubly great because the vanquished share equally in these results with the victors. Their success was the triumph of civilization.

In a letter to the writer Gen. White has gracefully presented their service in the light in which they are best pleased to have it regarded, as follows:

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR: In response to your request for a statement of my personal recollections of the service of the squadron of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Corliss in the Valley of Virginia, in the summer of 1862, I have to say that they are of the most agreeable character.

The company to which you belonged was composed, as I understood, of College Students,—young men who had no motive in entering the military service of the country, except that of patriotism. In this view they immediately commended themselves to me, and were entitled to, and received, my highest respect.

This consideration was more than confirmed by the readiness and energy with which they met and performed the severe duties which devolved upon the squadron,—comprising, as it did, the only cavalry within my command for several weeks in a region abounding with the enemy, who gave us constant employment in the partisan warfare they persisted in.

I parted from the squadron with sincere regret, but felt sure that wherever it was assigned, it would be found prompt and efficient, and resolute in fighting for our imperilled country.

It is very gratifying to me to know that most of your company are yet living, and I trust they may long survive to enjoy the fruits which they, with their comrades of that Grand Army of the Republic, secured,—a united, free and prosperous Nation, not a League of States, dissolvable at the pleasure of malcontents.

With much respect, your friend,

JULIUS WHITE.

It was an intelligent, a sincere and a worthy service in which these students engaged, though like every human work it was "transitory and small in itself." "Only the worker thereof and the spirit that dwelleth within is significant."

APPENDIX.

ROSTER TROOP B., SEVENTH SQUADRON R. I. CAVALRY.

NAME, RANK AND RESIDENCE.

Captain.		Elliott, E. S.....	Milwaukee, Wis....
Sanford S. Burr..	Roxbury, Mass.....	Ewens, F. C.....	Malden, Mass.....
1st Lieut.		Everett, E. J.....	Greenfield, Mass.....
Theo. H. Kellogg	Hillsboro, O.....	Flagg, W. L.....	Littleton, Mass.....
2nd Lieut.		Fuller, Edwin...	Woodstock, Vt... ..
Wm. H. Stevens.	Woodstock, Vt.... ..	Gage, W. T.	Concord, N. H.....
Sergeants.		Garey, C. Q.....	Thetford, Vt.....
Henry E. Alvord	Greenfield, Mass.....	Gregg, C. W	Boston, Mass.... ...
H. F. Anderson..	New York, N. Y....	Green, D. C.....	
F. W. Graves....	Concord, N. H.....	Green, G. C.....	Westboro, Mass.....
J. N. Whitney...	Raymond, Me.....	Goodwin, Wm. S.	Boston, Mass.....
Calvin S. Brown.	Seabrook, N. H.	Gilman, F. D....	E. Lancaster, N. H..
Zeeb Gilman.....	Piermont, N. H.....	Gunnerson, H. D.	Goshen, N. H.....
Alonzo Jenkins...	Piermont, N. H.....	Hayes, John E. ..	Boston, Mass.....
Corporals.		Hoyt N. N. H ..	Portland, Maine. ....
Chas. Caldwell..	Byfield, Mass.....	Hastings, A. T..	W. Medway, Mass...
George A. Baily.	Woodstock, Vt... ...	Hazleton, W. S..	Strafford, Vt.....
I. W. Heysinger.	Fayctteville, Pa.....	Hardy, H. T.....	Groton, N. H..... ...
John S. Eaton....	Woodstock, Vt.....	Hoyt, George I..	Durham, N. H.....
J. S. Cameron....	Ryegate, Vt.....	Johnston, E. P...	Haverhill, N. H.....
Douglas Lee.....	Lenox, Mass.....	King, W. A.	Woodstock, Vt.....
N. H. Clement...	Concord, N. H.....	Manson, C. A....	Lawrence, Mass.....
D. R. Nutter.....	Concord, N. H.....	Morey, Arthur...	Norwich, Vt.....
Musicians.		Murdock, G. H ..	Woodstock, Vt.....
John H. Marsh..	Woodstock, Vt.....	Noyes, E. H.....	Springfield, Mass....
A. T. Clarke.....	Strafford, Vt.....	Neal, J. M.....	Hanover, N. H.....
Farrier.		Parker, J. H.....	Woodstock, Vt.....
A. M. Osgood...	Suncock, N. H.....	Potts, James H...	Whitehall, Ill.....
Saddler.		Phelps, H. E.....	Crown Point, N. Y...
H. Williamson...	Woodstock, Vt.....	Putnam, Eugene.	Woodstock, Vt.....
Wagoner.		Perrin, W. B	Berlin, Vt.....
H. H. Brown	Woodstock, Vt.....	Pettengill, S. B ..	Grafton, Vt.....
Privates.		Papanti, A. L....	Boston, Mass.....
Armes, Chas. C..	Hanover, N. H.....	Parker, Chas. J..	Manchester, N. H....
Ambrose, E. F...	Ossipee, N. H.... ..	Perkins, J. W....	Hampton, N. H.....
Bayard, N. F....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Phillips, H. N....	Greenfield, Mass.....
Bodwell, J. C. Jr..	Farmingham, Mass..	Pickards, A. J...	Hampton, Me.....
Burnap, W. L... .	Grafton, Vt.....	Randolph, H. C.	Silvah, N. J.....
Blaisdell, K. F...	Goffstown, N. H.....	Roberts, I. E....	Lancaster, Pa.....
Blodgett, John H.	Concord, N. H... ...	Smith, C. W.....	Washington, Vt.. ...
Chapman, J. S....	Barton, Vt.....	Teal, J. Oscar...	Wilmot, N. H.....
Coombs, A. W...	Thetford, Vt.....	Tewkesbury, E. N	Woodstock, Vt.....
Clement, W	Woodstock, Vt	Walcott, F. H...	N. Y. Mills, N. Y...
Clough, W..... ..	Washington, Vt.....	Walcott, E. P....	Utica, N. Y.....
Dewey, W. S....	Queechy, Vt.....	Walker, Isaac...	Freyburg, Me.....
Davis, Owen A..	Great Falls, N. H...	Wilbur, Nelson..	Unadilla, N. Y.....